Dear Jim,

11/21/74

As always with Bud, there are deadly giveaways in his 11/20/74 letter to Jimmy.

There may be more behind it than is apparent but these things are enough for me:

He did not speak to me first.

There is no possibility, no matter how remote, that with at the earliest May publication any question about any alleged impropriety can be before "the Judge," meaning McRae, who will decide before an interview can be held and transcribed, leave alone printed.

There is no possibility that there is any sense in the allegation that "the public will [not] understand or care about fine distinctions."

I didn't send the letter I wrote after the last gross insult. Perhaps if you ask I will not send this. But there will be this precondition that ought not intrude on what you now have ahead of you: some reasonable assurance that Bud is going to stop making me have to take endlessly what no self-respecting man can.

This is intolerable. It ought not exist. It would not if Bud did not manufacture incidents and situations.

And if at some point we don't put an end to it we will be confronted with it and coping with it forever and ever.

I simply am not going to take any more. Not one thing else.

That he steals, lies, wrecks and leafs is bad enough. But endless insult is too much.

The irreducable stresses of my life are too great to permit another from this dogfucking eccentric playboy.

Who is to boot a coward.

Sincerely,